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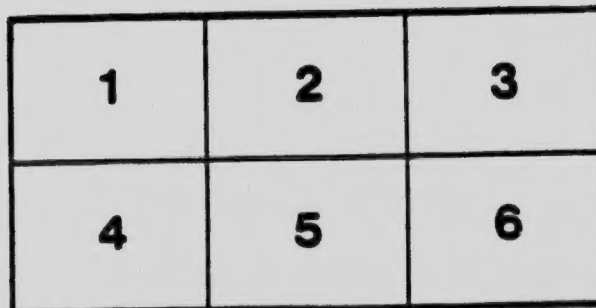
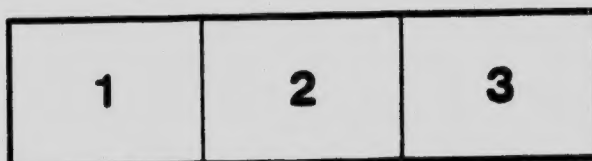
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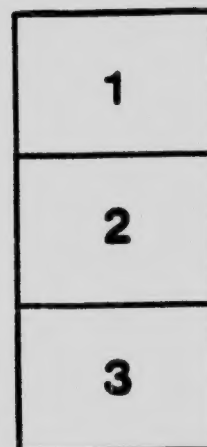
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POEMS



BY POETS AND OTHERS



POEMS

FOR USE AT TALENT SOCIALS, MISSIONARY
MEETINGS, CHURCH GATHERINGS,
AROUND THE FIRESIDE, AT
HOME, AND ANY OTHER
PLACE

BY POETS
AND OTHERS

PUBLISHED FOR THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S SOCIETY
GRACE METHODIST CHURCH
GANANOQUE, ONT.

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INTRODUCTION

The poems contained in this volume originated with the Young People of Grace Methodist Church, Gananoque, Ontario.

They were produced on two occasions, at the Annual Talent Socials of the Young People's Society.

They show many ways in which money can be earned for Missions, and it is sincerely hoped that the example of these Young People may prompt others to do something for the great and growing Cause.

By purchasing one or several copies of this volume, you will assist the Forward Movement for Missions, for the proceeds will go in that way.

C. S.



The Grocery Bill Was Lessened

My way of earning a dollar
Was not the way of a scholar;
And so without coffee I did,
And daily the coppers I hid.

E. R.

Teaching Did It

I can neither paint, nor play, nor sing,
Nor do any very wonderful thing;
So I just earned my dollar
By teaching many an unruly scholar.

J. S.

Could Knit and Sell Mittens

My talents are few—
I hardly know what to do
 A dollar to earn ;
I ransacked my brain quite a bit,
When I suddenly thought, I could knit.

I sold my wares,
Of mittens four pairs,
 My dollar was earned.
Four pairs of mittens
Mean thousands of stitches :
All these for the Missionaries,
 With my best wishes.

A. DeW.

Poets and Others

Mouse Catching Profitable

The little mouse that frisks about,
And eats what he doth find,
Is something that I do detest
With all my strength of mind.

Some of his relatives and friends
Once tried our simple fare,
In spite of warnings from the aged,
Who told them to beware.

I set some traps with bits of cheese,
Which had a tempting smell ;
But the snap, which spoke a mousie caught,
Told also his death-knell.

P o e m s b y

Month after month these foolish mice
Investigated traps ;
Month after month I heard with joy
The series of sharp snaps.

Now, mice are to my father
A serious offence ;
And so, for every one I caught,
He gladly paid five cents.

And thus I earned my money—
My talent was not nice,
But still, I've done my little
To rid the world of mice.

W. P.

Poets and Others

Typing Was Hard, But Paid

One Saturday noon, in the early Spring,
As the whistles did blow, and the bells did ring,
As I was walking along the street
En route to dinner, a man I did meet,
Who did raise his hat and bow his head
As unto me these words he said :
"You've a holiday now for the rest of the day,
Have you not ? Just permit me to say
I've a nice little letter I'd like you to write,
Then I'll give you a dollar. Will the price be all right ?"
And I thought of this social, whose date was fast nearing,
Told him I'd be delighted, and went never fearing
The dollar indeed would be easily earned ; but shades of
the sages !
This "nice little letter" numbered twenty long pages !

But, like everything else, at last it was ended,
And receiving my dollar ere my way home I wended,
I was asked what I intended to do with the money,
And my reply seemed to him to be extraordinarily funny.
"So it's all for the Missionaries and none for you?
Then please accept this fifty cents, and this Prayer Book, too."
And now, my dear friends, my story's completed
In regard to this dollar, and now I'll be seated.

B. A.

Making Horse Radish

(A STRONG WAY TO MAKE MONEY)

"Where are you going, my little maid?"

"Over to the garden, sir," she said.

"May I go with you, my little maid?"

"You may, kind sir, if you bring a spade."

Poets and Others

"What is it for, my little maid?"

"To dig horse radish, sir," she said.

"Shall I get a share, my little maid?"

"You will if you pay, kind sir," she said.

"What is your object, my little maid?"

"Missions my object, sir," she said.

"Then, here's a dollar, my little maid,
And here I dig with my little spade."

A. R.

The School Marm's Talent

Here's the Rhyme of the School Marm :

It's short and it's sweet,
And I think by none other
Can this tale be beat.

P o e m s b y

I promised to earn,
 Some unusual way,
A dollar that I
 For Missions would pay ;
And when at my schoolhouse
 At far Maple Grove,
Filled with the idea,
 I joyful "arrove."
'Twas how would I manage—
 I almost went dumb—
In an unusual manner
 Make such a large sum ;
When, lo ! the caretaker,
 Who sweeps out the Church,
Went out on a strike
 And left things in a lurch.

Poets and Others

As the Church must be tended,
Say, why couldn't I,
With a broom and a dustpan,
Just act as supply ?
So I did, and I earned it,
And earned it quite dear,
But the best of it follows—
My dollar is here.

N. L.

Walnut Wafers Were Good, and Did Not Go to Waste

A Carpenter I
Without hammer or saw,
Have gained me a dollar
According to law ;

P o e m s b y

And if you will listen
 A moment to me,
I will tell you about it—
 Give the recipe.
I like walnut wafers ;
 Some others do, too,
That settled the question
 Of what I would do.
But could I make good ones ?
 Just list till I tell

How I made thirteen dozen,
 And did all of them sell.
Were they good ? Why, of course.
 You need not take my word—
If you doubt it,
 Just ask of my friend, Mrs. Hurd,
Who will say, without doubt,
 That the wafers were fine.

Poets and Others

And the story costs only
A penny a line.
Try some for yourselves
When financially beat,
And sell to your neighbors,
To give them a treat.
One cup of brown sugar,
With walnuts chopped fine,
One well beaten egg,
And a small pinch of brine ;
Two teaspoons of Cleveland's,
And one cup of flour,
Drop on well-buttered tins,
And bake slowly an hour,
Let them stand until cool—
That is, if you can wait—
And then you will find them
Quite fit to be "ate."

M. C.

A Modern Dorcas in the Camp

One day a Miss D——, an occasional caller,
Asked me if I would by my wits earn a dollar,
With some score of others, to aid the conditions
Of the Young People's Forward Movement for Missions.
Having none too much wit, but a pair of good hands,
Thought with them I could better fulfil her commands ;
But how to make good—lack-a-day ! Let me see—
I can bake, I can scrub, or serve five o'clock tea.
But none of these talents would show off my wit,
So, says I to myself, we will just wait a bit,
'Till we see what the others, the Misses and Dames,
Will do for the dollars that follow their names.
And so I just waited, until one by one,
To me came the record of what they had done.

Poets and Others

Which I needs must set down upon paper, you bet,
For future inspection, "lest we forget."
Here's the list that came to me from time unto time,
Measured out by the foot in a two-penny rhyme :
My dear friend Miss D—, who is quite fond of kittens,
At a quarter a pair had knit four pairs of mittens,
And had kept up her record and showed off her wit.
Never thinking her mittens might be a Miss-fit.
Miss Mabel came duly one day to my home
Having baked walnut wafers—and would I buy some?
Which of course I must do to my sorrow, for then
My dollar augmenting had grown to one ten.
Then the busy Miss Bea., with her wear-off-less smile,
That the legal profession set out to beguile,
Had, by typing a letter of pages a score,
Gained not only her dollar, but fifty cents more ;
And on viewing the pages, twenty-one, all full sized,
Gave her Prayer Book and Hymnal, the latest revised.

P o e m s b y

And why should he do so? Why under the sun?
The Prayer Book, it was not a Methodist one.
The offspring of Jubal, in music and song,
Gave Missions a dollar through Miss E. deLong.
Another, by teaching the youth of the land,
Had brought very glibly her dollar to hand.
The first born of daughters set her trap in a trice,
And caught—did you ever!—a number of mice.
By abstaining from coffee, and making a pair
Of nice bedroom slippers for someone to wear,
Miss Edith her talents to others has told;
As saleslady too—for the slippers she sold.
Two other fair sisters, with candy and bun,
Bombarded their neighbors till their dollars were won.
F. B., pumping wind with his muscle so strong,
Had gained his big dollar from Essie deLong.
Miss Nellie, the school marm, not left in the lurch,
Added one other dollar taking care of the church.

Poets and Others

With fancy work others, with book marks and cake,
Showed talent sufficient a dollar to make.
Young Wilfrid, the youngest by the "Sines" of the times,
Has filled up the quota of ten bright new dimes.
Only one is on record who wept at her work—
Who wept and worked on, though as tired as a Turk:
The rhyme's rather halting, and so I feel maddish,
For the lady who wept was grating horseradish.
Now with all those bright dollars and half dollars galore,
How can I, without talent, make one dollar more?
Things don't seem even balances, 'twixt women and men,
Some seem to have none, while others have ten.
So I sat in despair, when a knock at the door—
Would I make some new dresses for some three or four
Young lassies who needed a new Spring array?
So with heart like a feather came back and straightway
Accepted the offer the Lord to me sent,
And soon at the dresses quite busily bent.

P o e m s b y

Remembering Dorcas, who made clothes for the poor,
I made three for a dollar—should it have been four?
Still, if any shall think that the charge is too high,
I guess I'll agree, and say, "so do I."
So here is my dollar, a handsome new bill,
And any may earn one who has but the will.
By the way, I must add, when I got to the door,
I found, to my sorrow, 'twas fifteen cents more.
One dollar I earned, twenty cents paid a friend,
Fifteen more at the door, and the next is the end.

L'ENVOI

Mrs. C. H. H.

Poets and Others

Taking Care of the Baby

I have a baby brother,
There is not such another,
Taking care of him is my delight,
And all my cares doth put to flight.

My Missionary money I did earn
In a very easy way, as you will learn ;
For my mother did pay me for taking care of the baby,
Which was a very easy way for Helen Mabee.

H. M.

Study and Help Mother

A dollar for Missions is a lot for me
For my money comes in very slow ;
One cent at a time is my usual fee
For helping wash dishes, you know.

I sing as I work, and the time isn't long,
In passing away each day ;
And the money grows as I sing my song,
As well as the pay, pay, pay.

Twenty-five cents of the dollar I earned
By reaching the head of my class.
To pass the lessons that I had learned
The dollar to Missions I pass.

Poets and Others

A Penny Saved Is a Penny Earned

A mother of small children am I,
With time fully occupied ;
Also as everything is very high
I find the dollars do quickly fly.

Now how could I without money or time,
Up this hill of difficulty climb,
And earn for the Missionary Society a dollar ?
This question was worthy of a better scholar.

So I thought, and thought, and thought,
Of all the things that needed to be bought,
And still how to earn
That Missionary money, I could not learn.

P o e m s b y

Now, "a penny saved, is a penny earned,"
Is a proverb which we all have learned ;
So I decided the money to save,
And do without something that I might crave.

So my dollar I give
With the prayer that I may live
As in the sight of the Lord,
And give as I can afford.

Mrs. H. M.

Poets and Others

Musical Talent
A Trip to Seeley's Bay

On a mild winter day
A large covered sleigh
At my doorway did stop.
A glad company
There waited for me,
So I went "on the hop,"

O'er the snow-covered ground
Our horses did bound,
Till we reached Seeley's Bay.
In the home of a friend
Some time we did spend
To prepare for the fray.

P o e m s b y

There the tables were spread,
And the folks, with no dread
 Of the future for them,
Did partake with all zest
And many a jest,
 Feeling glad that they came.
 (poetic license)

Then with laughter and song
They hurried along
 To a new hall near by ;
Where they sang to a crowd
Whose praises were loud
 Of those placed so high.

When the programme was done
They went for more fun
 To the house of their host,

Poets and Others

Whose generous hand
To the visiting band
Showed of kindness the most.

The speeches all o'er,
We were told at the door
That the sleigh did await.
So into the night,
With hearts that were light
Went the company late.

The journey toward home,
Under heaven's peaceful dome,
Quite safely was made ;
While an old college song,
Gripped our hearts very strong,
And yet none were afraid.

P o e m s b y

The plan of this tale
May seem rather stale,
 But it was really funny
That the music I played
To the people who stayed
 In that hall, brought this money.

E. de L.

Electricity and Photography Help
the Cause

To gather together an even dollar,
Two talents have come into play ;
Yet neither belongs to that of a scholar,
 But both are arts, they say.

Poets and Others

Twenty-eight cents of the full amount
Came from our Minister's pocket,
By connecting a light to the electric fount
With wire and lamp and socket.

The parsonage pantry required more light
At certain times of the day,
To reveal the jam in the dead of night
When the Parson had been away.

The rest of the dollar photography earned ;
This art I greatly enjoy.
By printing for those who have not yet learned,
My spare time I thus employ.

W. W. S.

The Philosophy of Giving

O, a giving's a ton or a giving's an ounce—
O, a giving is what you make it.
And it isn't the fact that you give that counts,
But only how you give it.

A. H. M.

Poets and Others

A Good Pastry Cook

This dollar was earned
By the sweat of my brow ;
By fingers well burned,
And blisters enow.

Hot biscuits and cookies—
Pie, pastry and cake,
In helping my mother,
I've learned how to bake.

So, if any should need me,
By hook or by crook,
Believe me, you'll find me
A good pastry cook.

L. H.

First Aid to the Pastor

To be first aid to your Pastor
Requires a talent or two.
And that's how I earned my money ;
The details I now will review.

I sewed on his buttons and mended
The rips in his clothes, one and all.
His socks with care I inspected,
And darned every hole, great and small.

I cooked him good meals, that his sermons
Might prove his digestion sound ;
I went to many a meeting
And shook hands with all around.

Poets and Others

I held sewing bees in the parsonage ;
Also socials and meetings and teas ;
I called on the sick and afflicted,
And tried my utmost to please.

To please all the congregation—
The black sheep as well as the white—
And aimed at being the pattern
Of everything that is right.

So you see that my talent money
Was earned in the sweat of my brow ;
And being first aid to a parson
Is no easy task, you'll allow.

W. P.

The Pyrographic Art

(WOOD TO BURN, NOT MONEY)

Although my talents are very few,
I still resolved something to do
To earn a dollar, bright and new,
For the Forward Movement for Missions.

Day after day I planned and planned—
But O, it was hard to understand
How I should at last a dollar command
For the cause of Methodist Missions.

I was just as unhappy as I could be ;
How to earn any money I couldn't see,
Till I thought that the art of pyrography
Might somewhat aid our Missions.

Poets and Others

So a couple of boxes I burned for a friend ;
And now, right here, my story will end.
But here is the dollar I'd like you to spend
For the Young People's work in Missions.

B. A.

My Missionary Hen

(THE HEN KNEW HER BUSINESS)

I stood on the balcony at twilight,
As the day was taking its flight,
And the night, serene and still,
Was falling on cottage, vale and hill.

And as the moon rose o'er the house-tops,
Beyond the King street school,
A flood of thought came o'er me
About your Missionary Rule.

P o e m s b y

Because I love the heather well
I had worked to earn my pence ;
But of the work in poetry to tell,
I had no gift of eloquence.

But as I gazed on the beauties about me,
To my brain came the poet's inspiration ;
And this song soon flowed from my pen
About my dear little Missionary Hen.

"A Missionary Hen !" you say,
"What sort of fowl is that ?"
Just listen and you'll all agree
She is a wonderful sight to see.

To get this Missionary dollar
I could not devise a plan,

Poets and Others

Till brother John just helped me out.
He said : "I'll tell you how you can,

You feed the chicks,
And give them wheat and bone,
And your reward shall be a fine young hen
Which you may call your own."

She was a Missionary Hen,
For all her eggs I sold
For pennies for this Talent Social—
They were as good as gold.

Dear me, the way that little hen laid
Was wonderful to view.
She seemed to know her business well,
And sought to mind it, too.

And should she raise a brood of chicks,
I'll draft them all in
To swell the ranks and revenue
Of my Missionary Hen.

J. S.

Knitting

(MITTENS FOR LADIES, NOT FOR MEN)

God giveth a talent,
To some He gives ten,
And unless we use them
He takes them again.

Few have the ten talents,
But many have one,
And are apt oft to wonder
At what others have done.

Poets and Others

If we use our one talent,
That talent will grow,
And increase in dimensions
Until it becomes two.

Last year I made mittens
My dollar to gain.
This year I have also
Made mittens again.

Next year—well, let next year
Look after its own.
Let me but be remembered
By what I have done.

Not slothful in business,
In thought or in word,
But fervent in spirit
And praising the Lord.

Mittens for the ladies,
But none for the men.
To get money for Missions
I'd knit mittens again.

A. DeW.

How I Made My Money

My path to wealth was of a literary kind ;
But with Literature was Commerce close combined.
To sell a Women's Magazine of sterling worth,
And spread its usefulness to all, I ventured forth.
Presented it as truly a real Mine of Wealth
In aids to increased comforts, pleasures, dress and health ;
Its pictures, poems, too, were made of some avail,
Financing for myself a profit on each sale.

A. L. B.

